

The Evening World

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ONLY JUSTICE.

GREAT BRITAIN at last decides to consider the rights of American importers who have been deprived of their foreign-made goods because of her one-sided blockade.

The British Ambassador at Washington yesterday assured the State Department's foreign trade advisers that, in cases where the British orders have caused undue hardship to this country's commerce, their presentation of the facts will receive special consideration. At the beginning of the summer the British authorities expressly refused to discuss such cases with the trade advisers. It is now expected that the British Government will pass through its blockade lines goods for which American importers have contracted with German or Austrian firms regardless of whether or not payment for the orders has been made.

Millions of dollars' worth of goods which should long since have been delivered to their American owners have piled up on the docks at Rotterdam. More than a month ago The Evening World called attention to what Great Britain's high-handed policy has done to business in this city.

This is the season when hundreds of buyers from all over the country come to New York to see and order foreign goods. This year there is little or nothing to show them.

New York merchants are suffering from a serious handicap which, beyond certain limits, is unwarranted and unnecessary. It is time to find out exactly how far American business must submit to the cramping effects of Great Britain's pretended blockade.

That blockade has never been complete or impartial. England has only maintained it, piecemeal, where she could—thereby discriminating most unjustly against the commerce of this neutral and friendly nation. Under the circumstances our patience has been extraordinary. We do not look upon her concessions as favors but as justice.

A NOTABLE DISCOVERY.

IT IS a strange coincidence that just as the ill-fated United States submarine F-4 is raised with its twenty-two dead from the bottom of Honolulu Bay there comes the almost certain assurance of a new submarine storage battery which will go far to reduce the chance of such disasters.

Fifty-five thousand experiments, \$3,000,000 and four years' work Thomas A. Edison is said to have devoted to perfecting a battery composed of chemicals which will not eat the metal fastenings of a submarine, generate explosive or suffocating gases, or fail to do its work under the most trying conditions. Charged and recharged more than five hundred times on a pitching platform, where it was left for thirteen months, the new battery stood tests equivalent to ten years' service in a submarine.

Even now the great inventor will not join the naval experts in acclaiming a success: "Let no judgment be passed," he says, "until the battery has actually been placed and used on a submarine." It has never been Mr. Edison's way to let confidence outstrip achievement. But the nation has good reason to hope that there need be no more explosions on submarines due to ignition of gases generated by the batteries. Heretofore such gases have constituted the worst peril for the crews of these now indispensable craft.

NEEDLESS ALARM.

THE Finance Ministers of England, France and Russia are shortly to meet in London, where they will receive reports from financial emissaries who have been sounding the situation in America.

The dispiriting behavior of foreign exchange has begun to get on the nerves of London and Paris. Whether to keep on shovelling gold aboard British warships for delivery in Wall Street via Halifax or whether to put out a guaranteed loan in this country are problems that are depriving European financiers of what little rest their agitated surroundings permit them.

There appears to be dread in some quarters that, if things go on as they are now headed, Europe will presently find itself the property of the United States—monetary absorption being already under way.

Such fears can be promptly allayed. Any person threatened with the ownership of Europe or any part of it for the next generation or so will find it hard to figure whether he is getting an asset or a liability. We prefer to take our chances as a plain creditor.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Among the pessimists include the fellow who thinks the fish jumped into the other fellow's boat for protection.

Man never accomplished anything worth while by taking long pulls and strong pulls from the neck of a bottle.

It takes most of us longer to make up our minds to do a thing than it does to go along and do it.

A henpecked husband is nothing more or less than a silent partner of his wife's troubles.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

People who pay grudges rarely worry about paying grocery bills.—Deseret News.

Letters From the People

A Plea for the Straw.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

In two weeks or so the straw hat will be "called in." In other words, the prettiest and most comfortable and most becoming form of headgear will be ordered into exile in the middle of September, for no better or sadder reason than because it is the middle of September. Now, why not be sensible and keep on wearing this light and pretty and comfortable hat with cold weather?

BARNARD GIRL.

A Is Right.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says that in the Civil War men were drafted into the army on the Union side. If A says this is not so, would you kindly settle the argument?

A. and B.

On Side Nearest Curb.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which is the proper position for a man to walk when on the street between two girls? Should he walk between them or on the side nearest the curb?

The Hot-Air Balloon

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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DO YOU realize that we haven't been anywhere this summer?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "And it has been a dreadful summer for heat and storms and war and mosquitoes and everything terrible. Oh, dear, I haven't the heart to read summer resort advertising!"

"What are you worrying about, then?" Mr. Jarr inquired. "If you haven't gone anywhere because you didn't want to go anywhere, why do you want to go anywhere?"

"I'm sure there's not much use to go to the country or the mountains or the seashore this late in the summer," replied Mrs. Jarr. "It will soon be time to prepare the children for school, and I have no nice summer clothes, and if I had the money to get them I'd wait a while and get fall style. Anyway, it's no longer fashionable to leave the city for the summer, since the war broke out in Europe and everybody has an automobile!"

"What has that got to do with it in Europe and everybody having an automobile?"

"Why, don't you see, people can't go to Europe to enjoy themselves as they used to, and now that everybody has an automobile they can take little trips to the country and do not need to go away to distant summer resorts," explained Mrs. Jarr. "If they have an auto, they can't afford any vacation. And that reminds me—I thought your firm was going to send you to the San Francisco Fair?"

"I thought I was to go, too," mumbled Mr. Jarr. "We have an exhibit out there. I don't know who is in charge of it—maybe the janitor of the fair—but on account of the war in Europe and the loss of the new automobile he says he can't afford to pay the expenses of any junket out to the fair and the employees of his firm should be glad they have a job without expecting transcontinental joy rides. He's got a new sign stuck up in the office that sort of hints the same way."

"What does the sign say?" asked Mrs. Jarr eagerly, for she believed in signs.

"Remember, the Payroll Is Your Father and Your Mother," quoted Mr. Jarr.

Then little Willie and Emma Jarr, who had entered at this point, started to cry so loudly that they desired to go to Coney Island that before he knew what he was doing Mr. Jarr had made the fatal promise, and the children ran out shouting gleefully that they were going to the seashore.

"There, now!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr. "You have done it. The children will get dreadfully sunburned. They'll eat a lot of popcorn, ice cream, frankfurters and other trash and will be sick on my hands. Oh, dear! Why did you promise them that?"

"Cheer up!" replied Mr. Jarr. "We'll have a Sanitary, Anti-Sunburn, Pure Food Law outing to the beach. We'll take wholesome dainties with us for the children to eat and a sun umbrella."

Mrs. Jarr did not conclude the sentence, but implied that they might look askance at Gertrude, the light running domestic, with the basket of pure food picnic provender, as though Gertrude were not of their entourage.

So Mrs. Jarr called Gertrude into consultation regarding the commissariat, while Master Jarr and little Miss Jarr ran to spread the plaid tidings through the neighborhood, and Mrs. Jarr and Gertrude gathered the material for the Sanitary, Anti-Sun-

burn, Pure Food Law outing. Little wotted they of the grief they should encounter while questing for pleasure!

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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MANY leagues be it from us to set up any claim to subtlety, yet there are times when we feel that we're not so worse when it comes to inventing excuses for not meeting "scintillating" people, when we're told in advance that that's the kind of people they are.

We know now, after trying it, that when a man wears white shoes and white socks he's so busy thinking about 'em all the time that he can't get his mind on anything else.

If Aphrodite had been snaphotted with her locks wet and stringy upon emerging from the sea, we don't believe she'd have come down the ages with such a hot reputation as a looker.

Matronly Myths: "Deed I don't take a million for the two kids I've got, but I wouldn't give a cent for another one!"

It's queer how folks who've experienced the dimness of one rainy week-end persistently vow and vane that every single, solitary week-end all summer has been rainy.

Seasonable Saws: "It won't be any time at all now before Thanksgiving, and then Christmas—oh, dear me and gosh!"

Maybe, after all, it wasn't the loss of the battle of Actium that caused Marc Antony to commit suicide, but because he saw Cleopatra (who'd been boasting a lot on her barge on the blistering Nile) with a sun-peeled nose.

If you want to see Hatred transmuted almost into Volatile Vitriol, drop in at a dog doctor's office some morning and watch the way the women with their sick dogs on leashes look at each other and each other's dogs.

We believe that when the returns are in it will be found that the girls who've worn middie blouses all summer will close the season with the greatest number of male scalps a-dangling.

Enigmas of Existence—Salt water taffy. Laundered white vests. Kids that pipe "Faw-ther!" Popcorn. Summer resort non-citrous orange juice.

Echoes of the Eons: "Oh, shucks! I wish there was such a thing as a hair net that didn't tear the first time one puts it on!"

When the Human Wolf Comes In to Sheep's Clothing He or She Goes Out Well Worn.

Mr. Jarr Has Been Reminded Again

That the Payroll's His Only Friend

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Jarr reluctantly, "nobody will see us. But we'll have to take Gertrude along to carry the basket and the sun umbrella, and then if we do meet anybody we know."

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Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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ABOY of five is often bored to death by the baby-talk with which women insult his intelligence; but when he grows up, it appears to be the only kind of feminine conversation that really interests him.

Too many draughts on a man's pocketbook are apt to blow out the love-light.

Many a man marries one woman just in order to escape from a lot of others—and then flirts with the others in order to forget that he is married to one.

It makes a man almost as indignant not to be allowed to break his engagements or his wedding vows as it makes a baby not to be allowed to break his own toys.

Some men are so lucky in escaping the penalty of their sins that, even though they may deserve eternal punishment, they will cheerfully bank on finding a piece of asbestos hanging on the gates to Purgatory.

This is the time of year when the busy little bargain-hunter saves her husband's money by buying a lot of things she doesn't want for almost as little as they are worth.

Somehow, a man's faith in Heaven never seems to deter him from paying the doctor an exorbitant fee to keep him away from there as long as possible.

After a few years of hard labor in a business office or of stoking in the social engine, while she waits for Prince Charming, a girl is apt to stop looking upon marriage as a vocation, and to begin thinking of it as a vacation.

It is "a good thing" to be generous—but, alas! if you are, most people are apt to take you for one.

Things You Should Know

Rickets.
THERE is another disease of children where the early symptoms may suggest cretinism, but which is an entirely different thing. This is rickets, a disease very common among the children of the crowded tenement district, and particularly among foreign families. Very young children have rickets—those under two years—and its cause is malnutrition, or poor food, improper, as a rule, both as to quality and quantity. To poor food may be added unhygienic surroundings.

Nursing children do not have rickets as often as others, unless nursing is too prolonged—as it often is—from fifteen to eighteen months.

While rickets is almost never fatal, it is a large factor in the mortality of children under two years of age, and the more that is known about its cause and symptoms the better the care that may be given to later children in families where the earlier ones showed symptoms of the disease.

Rickety children do not have the right kind of food to grow on; their bones show and prove this fact, as they are seriously affected, though it is not regarded as a bone disease. Their heads and abdomen grow too large—out of all proportion to their bodies.

It is a fact that we all need a certain amount of fat, and the food of children suffering from rickets is invariably found to be lacking in this important element as well as in the right proteins, while an excess of sugar and starch is, as a rule, present. Rickets is known to be very common in children who are fed upon

sweetened condensed milk for proleptism. In the far North rickets are said to be almost an unknown thing, and there we know that fat forms the largest proportion of the people's food. It seems to be in the temperate zone that this condition is most common; the out-of-door life in the tropics accounts for its rarity there, without doubt.

Negroes seem extremely susceptible to rickets. It looks a good deal as though it is a race peculiarity with them, rather than always meaning poor food. They appear to bear very badly the climate and confined life of our Northern cities.

Rickets is believed to result from the interference, for some reason, of the lime salts in the system, and the bones being unusually flexible, result in the children being markedly knock-kneed and bowlegged. Too early walking will be given as a reason of these things by nine people out of ten, but often that is not the cause of the rickets.

It looks as though the cause of all this wretchedness is poverty and nothing else. It means the inability to give children the proper kind of food to grow on. The best growing thing they need rich milk and eggs, red meat, fresh air and sunshine and a place to play in. Fresh air and sunshine are as good as well as meat and eggs, though we digest air and sunshine in our lungs rather than in our stomachs. No one thinks of relying on medicine alone in cases of rickets. Cod liver oil is splendid, it being a food rather than a medicine, rich in the very fat such children need. Then there are numberless preparations of lime and phosphates and iron, all of which are of supply to the poor starved body the things that nature has not been able to give and these make for strong and healthy bones.

What to Give the College Girl

THIS year's high school graduate is now preparing to begin her college career, and not the least of her concern is the furnishing of her room, for every college girl wants her room just the best obtainable.

The girl's friends usually send around a little gift to tuck into the trunk, and why not make it something the girl will really need? Pillows are always acceptable and a girl can hardly have too many. It is wise to get the serviceable kind that can be used on the floor for the little spreads. Those of tapestry or cretonne are nice and can be had as low as 50 cents. The black and white pillows are new and popular. Every girl will want a home town or State pillow among her collection. A New York City pillow comes in tan and has the white flag embroidered in orange and blue on the back. It can be had as low as 25 cents. The design is simple to work. One of those pillows of leather with the soft handle to slip over the arm would be appreciated by the girl who seeks out-door nooks for reading or studying. A couch roll in tapestry, chintz or cretonne is pretty.

A writing set, blotter pad and pen wiper in cretonne finish would look well on the table or desk and these are only 50 cents a set. Then there are pretty paper cutters. A fountain pen is a necessity to the college girl. She will want a birthday book to get the autographs of the girls and the dates

of their natal day for future reference. An album will enable her to mount all the snapshots taken during her college days and a scrap album will be appreciated when she wants to preserve the clippings from the college and town papers.

The girl will be glad to see a home-town pennant adorning her wall and she surely will be delighted with a chintz dish. A fine one can be had at \$5, while a nice small one is only \$2.50. A copper tea kettle with an alcohol lamp is another convenience. Chintz in brown or copper to hold in quarters pound of coffee costs 50 cents. A nickel can for holding alcohol is \$2, and then there are candy molds—of course the girl will want to make candy, and these little tin molds are very handy.

An electric or alcohol iron will save many a laundry or pressing bill and help the fastidious girl to always look trim. Cretonne laundry bags are easily made, or they can be purchased ready-made. The cretonne cabinets for holding small articles—brushes, jewelry, etc.—can be had as low as 25 cents. The sewing screen in cretonne, completely furnished, will make happy the girl who wants to keep her wardrobe in repair. A beautiful one, small enough to fit in the bottom of the trunk, is \$2.

The neat girl will also appreciate one or more dress bags to preserve her dainty gowns. These are readily made, or a nice one of cretonne can be purchased for 50 cents. Fanciful coats and skirt hangers make nice gifts. A long chiffon veil and one of the prettiest colored sweaters that are now so much in vogue are college necessities.

Jungle Tales for Children

"DID you know that when you want to say something about anything that is true?" said the Baby Baboon to Jimmy Monkey one day.

"I know all about that," said Jimmy as he started for home.

Pretty soon he came across Mister Elephant and headed to him: "What a wonderful tail you have."

"Tail! Tail!" said Mister Elephant. "You ought to know that I am very sensitive about my tail, and I kill any one who speaks about it. Get out of here!"

Jimmy scooted up a tree and tried to think of what the Baby Baboon had said to him. After Mister Elephant was out of sight, he climbed down the tree and waited. Pretty soon along came Mister Pig.

"How do you do?" asked Jimmy. "I'm all right," said Mister Pig. Then Jimmy thought that if Mister Elephant had not liked what Jimmy said about his tail, surely Mister Pig would be flattered at what Jimmy said about his tail, so he started off:

"What a beautiful tail you have, Mister Pig!" said Jimmy. "I'm growing angry," said Mister Pig. Jimmy thought he, too, was getting upset, so he went on:

"You look like Mister Elephant," said Jimmy.

"Thank you very much, Jimmy. Come along with me and I will dig some roots for you. Never mind about my tail, but when you tell me I look like Mister Elephant you flatter me. Our tails, at least, are the same size."